

Filigree Ball

Author of "The Maxtery of Agatha Webb," "Lost Mun's Lane," Etc.

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on her part of resuming her bat, or was the action the result of an uncon-

scious habit?
Having thus noted all that was possible concerning her without infringing on the rights of the coroner, I next proceeded to cast about for clews to the identity of the person whom I considered responsible for the extinguished candle. But here a great disappointment awaited me. I could find nothing expressive of a second person's presence save a pile of cigar ashes scattered near the legs of a common kitchen chair which stood face to face with the bookshelves in that part of the room where the candelabrum rested on a small table. But these ashes looked old, nor could I detect any evidence of tebacco smoke in the general mustiness pervading the place. Was the

man who died here a fortnight since neconntable for these ashes? If so, his unfinished clgar must be within sight. Should I search for it? No, for this would take me to the hearth and that was quite too deadly a place to he headlessly approached.

Besides, I was not yet finished with the spot where I then stood. If I could gather nothing satisfactory from the ashes, perhaps I could from the chair or the shelves before which it had been pineed. Some one with an interest in books bad sat there; some one who expected to spend sufficient time over these old tomes to feel the need of a chair. Had this interest been a general one, or had it centered in a particular volume? I ran my eye over the shelves withir reach, possibly with an idea of settling this question, and though my knowledge of books is lim-Ited I could see that these were what one might call rarities. Some of them contained specimens of black letter, all moldy and smothered in dust; in others I saw dates of publication which placed them among volumes dear to a collector's heart. But none of them, so far as I could see, gave any evidence of having been lately handled; and, anxious to waste no time on puerile details, I hastily quitted my chair and was proceeding to turn my attention elsewhere when I noticed on an upper shelf a book projecting slightly beyond the others. Instantly my foot was on the chair and the book in my hand. I'd I find it of interest? Yes but not on account of its confents, for they were pure Greek to me, but because it lacked the dust on its upper edge which had marked every other volume I had handled. This, then, was what had attracted the unknown to these shelves, this-let me see If I can remember its title-"Disquisition Upon Old Coast Lines." Pshaw! I was wasting my time. What had such a dry compendi m as this to do with the body lying in its blood a few steps behind me, or with the hand which had put out the candle upon this dreadful deed? Notbing. I replaced the book, but not so hastily as to push it one inch beyond the position in which I found it. For, if it had a tale leave that tale to be read by those

My next move was toward the little the glittering pendants. This table was one of a nest standing against a that it had been lifted from the others and brought to its present position within a very short space of time, for the dust lying thick on its top was almost entirely lacking from the one which had been nested under it. standing there long, dust being found under as well as around it. Had her toward which I now turned in my course of investigation.

who understood books better than I

I have already mentioned this mantel more than once. This I could bardmight not lessen this radius I experienced that sudden and overwhelming interest in its every feature which attaches to all objects peculiarly assoclated with danger.

I even took a step toward it, holding up my lamp so that a stray ray struck the faded surface of an old engraving hanging over the fireplace. It was the well known one, in Washington at least, of Benjamin Franklin at the court of France, interesting, no doubt. in a general way, but scarcely calculated to hold the eye at so critical an instant. Neither did the shelf below call for more than momentary attention, for it was absolutely bare. So was the time worn, if not blood stained, hearth, save for the impenetrable shadow cast over it by the huge bulk

of the great settle standing at its edge. I have already described the impression made on me at my first entrance by this ancient and characteristic arti-

cle of furniture. It was intensified now as my eye ran over the clumsy carving which added to the discomfort of its bigh, straight back and as I smelled the smell of its moldy and possibly mouse haunted cushions. A crawling sense of dread took the place of my first instinctive repugnance, not because superstition had as yet laid its grip upon me, although the place, the hour and the near and veritable presence of death were enough to rouse the imagination past the bounds of the actual, but because of a discovery I had made-a discovery which emphasized the tradition that all who had been found dead under the mantel had fallen as if from the end of this monstrous and patriarchal bench. Do you ask what this discovery was? It can be told in a word. This ope

end and only this end had been made comfortable for the sitter. For a space scarcely wide enough for one the seat and back at this special point had been upholstered with leather, fastened to the wood with heavy wrought nails. The remaining portion stretched out bare, hard and inexpressibly forbidding to one who sought ease there or evena moment of casual rest.

The natural inference was that the owner of this quaint piece of furniture had been a very selfish man who thought only of his own comfort. But might be not have had some other reason for his apparent niggardiness? As I naked myself this question and noted how the long and embracing arm which guarded this cushioned retreat was flattened on top for the convenient holding of decenter and glass, feelings to which I can give no name and which I had fondly believed my-

self proof against began to take the place of judgment and reason. Before realized the nature of my own impulse or to what it was driving me I found myself moving slowly and steadan irresistible desire to fling myself | down upon these old cushions and-

But here the creaking of some faroff shutter, possibly the one I had seen awaying from the opposite side of the street, recalled me to the duties of the hour, and, remembering that my investigations were but half completed and that I might be interrupted any moment by detectives from headquarters, I broke from the accursed charm, which borrified me the moment I escaped it, and, quitting the room by a door at the further end, sought to find in some of the adjacent rooms the definite traces I had failed to discover on this the actual scene of the crime.

It was a dismal search, revealing at every furn the almost maddened haste with which the bonse had been abandoned. I passed out lote the kitchen and so on by a close and narrow passage to the negro quarters clustered in woman would doubtless have comprethe rear. Here I made a discovery, hended immediately the cause of the One of the windows in this long dis- brown streaks I found on it, but it used portion of the house was not only took me several minutes to realize that these extraordinary and seemingly unlocked, but partly open. But, as I this bit of cambric, delicate as a cobcame upon no marks showing that this web, had been used to remove dust. outlet had been used by the escaping To remove dust! Dust from what? murderer, I made my way back to the From the mantelshelf probably, upon

The candle in the tumbler



front of the house and thus to the

these stairs that I came upon the first the thumb had rested and at once foreof a dozen or more burned matches saw the possibility of determining by the disease, and giving the patient their youthful ages. staircase and along the floors of the and shape of the hand which had left upper halls. As these matches were all burned as short as fingers could clew. bold them, it was evident that they had been used to light the steps of Why should a man rest his finger tips some one seeking refuge above, possion this out of the way shelf? Had he table holding the candelabrum with bly in the very room where we had done so in an effort to balance himself list of testimonials. seen the light which had first drawn for a look up the chimney? No. for us to this house. How then? Should I then the marks made by his fingers nearby wall. Investigation proved proceed, or await the coming of the would have extended to the edge of the sible murderer? I decided to proceed. dle of it. Their shape, too, was round, fascinated, I think, by the sicety of not oblong. Hence the pressure had the trail which lay before me,

in the steps of him who had so lately Neither had the candelabrum been preceded me I came upon a tightly closed door at the end of a side pasange, I gave a slight push to the door hand brought it there? Hardly, if it and, on seeing a crack of light leap into chair and for the handkerchief used as came from the top of the mantel life along the jamb, pushed the door a duster. Some one's interest in this wider and wider till the whole room picture had been greater than mine: stood revealed.

ter in one of its windows proved the such that only the closest inspection ly avoid, since in and about it lay the room to be the very one which we had heart of the mystery for which the seen lighted from below. Otherwise room was remarkable. But, though I all was still, nor was I able to detect have thus freely spoken of it and in my first burried glance any other though it was not absent from my token of buman presence than a canthoughts for a moment, I had not ven- die sputtering in its own grease at the eye. Taking out my penknife, I lighttured to approach it beyond a certain bottom of a tumbler placed on one corsafe radius. Now in looking to see if I | ner of an old fashloned dressing table. This, the one touch of incongruity in a room otherwise rich if not stately in its appointments, was loud in its auggestion of some hidden presence given to expedients and reckless of consequences, but of this presence nothing

> Not satisfied with this short survey. I turned my attention to my surroundings, which had many points of interest. Foremost among these was the big four poster which occupied a large space at my right. I had never seen its like in use before, and I was greatly attracted by its size and the air of mystery imparted to it by its closely drawn curtains of faded brocade.

A cressing table laden with woman's

fixings and various articles of the tollet, all of an unexpected value and richness, occupied the space between the two windows, and on the floor, immediately in front of a high mahogany mantel, there lay, amid a number of copty boxes, an overturned chair-This chair and the conjectures its position awakened led me to look up at the muntel, with which it seemed to be in some way connected, and thus I became aware of a wap old drawing hanging on the wall above it. Why this picture, which was a totally uninteresting sketch of a simpering girl face, should have held my eye after the first glance I cannot say even now. It had no beauty, even of the sentimental kind, and very little if any meaning. Its lines, weak at the best, were nearly obliterated and in some places quite faded out, yet I not only paused to look at it, but in looking at it forgot myself and well nigh my errand. Yet there was no apparent reason for the

spell it exerted over me. It may seem both unnecessary and

sations, but only by doing so can I account for the minutes which claused before I supposed sufficient self possession to draw aside the closed curtains of the bad and take the quick tains of the bed and take the quick look inside which my present doubtful position demanded. But, once I had broken the spell and taken the look just mentioned, I found my munhood return and with it my old arder for clews. The bed held no gaping, chattering criminal, yet was it not quite empty. Something lay there, and this something, while commonplace in itself, was enough out of keeping with the place and hour to rouse my interest and awaken my conjectures. it was a lady's wran, so rich in quality and of such a festive appearance that it was astonishing to find it lying in a neglected state in this crumbling old house. Though I know little of the cost of women's garments, I do know

the value of lace, and this garment

was covered with it. Interesting as was this find, it was followed by one still more so. Nestled in the folds of the cloak lay the withered remains of what could only have been the bridal bouquet. Unsightly now and scentless. It was onee a beautiful specimen of the florist's art. As I noted how the main bunch of roses and lilles was connected by long satin ribbons to the lesser clusters which hung from it I recalled with conceivable horror the use to which a similar ribbon had been put in the room below. In the shudder called up by this coincidence I forgot to speculate how a bouquet carried by the bride could have found its way back to this upstairs room when, as all accounts agree, she had fled from the parlor be-By toward this formidable seat under low without speaking or staying foot the moment she was told of the catastrophe which had taken place in the library. That her wrap should be lying here was not strange, but that the wedding bouquet-

That it really was the wedding bouquet and that this was the room in which the bride had dressed for the ceremony was apparent to the most casual observer. But it became an established fact when in my further course about the room I chanced on a handkerchief with the name Veronica embroidered in one corner.

This handkerchief bad an interest apart from the name on it. It was of dainty texture and quite in keeping so for as value went with the other belongings of its fastidious owner. But it was not clean. Indeed it was day of the bridai? strangely soiled, and this soil was of a nature I did not readily understand. A one end of which I found it. But no! One look along the polished boards convinced me that whatever else had been dusted in this room this shelf had not. The accumulation of days if not of months was visible from one end to the other of its unrelieved surface save where the handkerchief had laid, and-the greatest discovery yetwhere five clear spots just to the left of the center showed where some man's finger tips had rested. Nothing but the pressure of finger tips could stairs communicating with the upper bave caused just the appearance presented by these spots. By scrutinising It was on the rug lying at the foot of them closely I could even tell where

behind it so neat and unmistakable a Wonderful! But what did it all mean? 'boys" before pushing in upon a pos- shelf, whereas these were in the midcome from above, and-ah! I had it. But when after a careful following These impressions in the dust of the shelf were just such as would be made by a person steadying himself for a close look at the old picture. And this accounted also for the overturned some one who was either very near The instantaneous benging of a shut- sighted or whose temperament was

would satisfy an aroused curiosity. This gave me an idea, or, rather, impressed upon me the necessity of preserving the outline of these telltale marks while they were still plain to the ly ran the point of my sharpest blade around each separate impression till I had fixed them for all time in the well

worn variable of the mallogany. there in this old picture to grouse such curiosity in one bent on evil if not fresh from a hideous crime? I have said before that the picture as a picture was worthless, a mere faded sketch, fit only for lumbering up some eld garret. Then wherein ley its charm, a charm which I myself had felt, though not to this extent? It was useless to conjecture. A fresh difficulty had been added to my task by this puzzling discovery, but difficulties only increased my interest. It was with an odd feeling of of this room, I came upon two addi-

One was the presence of a penknife, at all drucklets, price for with the file blade open, on a small table under the window marked by the

The penknife and the filings on the table



loosened shutter. Scattered about it were some filings which shone as the light from my lautern fell upon them, but which were so fine as to call for a magnifying glass to make them out. The other was in connection with a how the league scores.

off, then that his beart had changed, but finally she confessed that she had been so irritable, so depressed end blue that she had firly driven him away. Her good books were samabling. She was emishing. She was getting thin, pale, and hollow-cheekend hollow-cheek,
ed, with dark circles
atound her eyes.
Suddenly all society
was pleased again to
hear of the engagement being renewed, and it was not
long before a beautiful and rail and
bride was taken to

long before a beautiful and radiant hride was taken to the alliar. She had regained her good looks, her former happy disposition and strong nerve all through a secret a friend gave her. A few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is what made two more lives happy and a radiant bride more beautiful than she had ever appeared before.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weakinesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorthea, Fen ale Weakiness, Prolapsus or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask in a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

Mrs. O. O. Scripture, of Prescott, Aria, L. Bog

reasonable trial of their means of cure.

MIR. O. O. Scripture, of Freecott, Aris. I. Bore cid, writes "For nearly two years I was a great sufferer with ulceration and enlargement of words also suffered severely with dystepsia and was run down-a perfect wreck. I doctored for several years; got no better, until about seven months ago I begen taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Pleasant Pelleta." I can stand on my feet and work hard all day. I feet that life is now worth living, and shall ever feel grateful to you and shall always recommend your medicines to all who are suffering in any way."

closet not far from the greaf bed. It was an empty closet, so far as the books went and the two great drawers which I found standing half open at its back, but in the middle of the floor lay an overturned candelabrum similar to the one be prisms scattered and its one candle crushed and battered out of all shape

while alight, the foot which had stamped upon it in a wild endeavor to put out the flames had been a frenzied one. Now, by whom had this frenzy been shows and when? Within the bour? I could detect no smell of smoke. At some former time, then-say on the

my feet to the one giving its last sput- times and smilax and presented a pleas ter in the tumbler on the dressing table, I owned myself perplexed.

Surely no ordinary explanation fitted contradictory circumstances.

(to be continued teemrrow.)

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The renders of this paper will be teen able to care in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh began housekeeping. requires a constitutional treatment which lay in a distinct trail up the means of these marks both the size strength by buildirs up the constitucase that it fails to cure. Send for

ledo, O.

INTRUDERS COURT.

Right to Indian lands to Be Decided by Judge Bennett.

Ardmore, I. T., May 11.-The Intruders' Court, with Judge W. W. Bennett heart, causing death, J. E. Stearns, presiding, opened here today. Over one Relle Plains, Minn., writes that hundred cases are pending, involving the friend dreatfully injured his hand. possessory right to Indian lands and upon the showing made will be determined Bucklen's Arnica Salve drew out the the rightful ownership of the soil.

It is alleged that many non-citizens are n possession of the land without the gores. 252 at all druggists. onsent of the affortees and Judge Bennett will pass on these cases. It is stated that only about 10 per cent of the introders had to be moved from the land, but when it was necessary the Indian police ejected them.

The many intruder cases reported is This done, my thoughts recurred to the result of the work of A. G. Porter, the question already raised. What was who has been in the Chickasaw nation representing the Indian agents. cases are disposed of.

Terrific Race With Death.

"Douth was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez, of Tampa, Pla., describing his fearful race with double as a result of liver trouble an dheart disease, which had rothed me of sleep and of all interest in life. I had tried nancy different coctors and several medleines, but got no benefit, until I begun elation that, in a further examination to use Electric Bisters. So wonderful cured of all my troubles." Quaranteed

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"n Wabash day trains between Kansas will give a dinner party in her hus and St. Louis, both directions, and band's honor. on Wabash New York fast mail train

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Have your claterus cleaned and repeat on. I will be in hown for a few days Clearing without emptying the Brown's restaurant. W. R. Nichols.

May 21. June 1 and 2, city examinations | Renfro. for school teachers will be held. Exami-inations for common school diplomas will be held May 18 and 19.

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QUIET HOME WEDDING

BertW. Jones and Miss Carrie Braswell Were Married Last Night.

(Hot Springs Sentinei-Record.) Bert W. Jones, city editor of the Daily News and Miss Carrie A. Braz-W. Grand avenue. The welling was a quite bome affair, with only the family and a few intimate friends attending Rev. M. W. Manville, paster of the Malvern avenue M. El. church, officiated The event was one of the pretties affairs of similar nature ever occurring in the city. The home was decorated

Glancing from the broken candle at thoroughout in pink and white carnaing view of a veritable flower gard To " strains of the wolding ma guryen by Miss Schardt, the contract Williams and Julic Freeman burder them man and wife were spoken. After the ceremony and the bearty

pleased to learn that there is at least congratulations of all the newly marone dreaded disease that science has ried couple were driven to the home on Mt. Ida street, which Mr. Jones had prepared for his bride, and immediately

Cure is the only positive cure now | The bride were a beautiful gown of known to the medical fraternity. Cas white mousehine silk with somi-transtarrh being a mustitutional obsease, parent yoke of all-over point de Venice lace. The vell and orange blossoms completed the costume. She carried a huge Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken intera boquet of brides' roses. The groom work ally, acting directly upon the blood the conventional black suit. The little and mucous surfaces of the system, attendance were clothed in dainty costhereby destroying the foundation of tumes in keeping with the occasion and 3

rtrength by buildirs up the constitu-tion and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any

asse that it fails to cure. Send for ist of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., To-tion which he now holds on the Daily News. In the words of shop parlance he "made good." and has won for himself bundreds of friends among all classes of citizens. He is a young man of ability and the star of his future burns with a bright glow. with a bright glow.

The Sentinel-Record extends its congratulations and wishes for them a long life, and a happy one.

A Creeping Death.

Blood polson erceps up towards the which swelled up like blood poisoning potent, nealed the wound and saved bls life. Best in the world for burns and

Railroad Delegates See Pension Office. Washington, May 11.-The visiting delegates to the International Railroad congress today visited the pension office after the morning session of the congress. They were shown through all the various offices of the depart-The court wal be in session until all ment and expressed themselves highly pleased with this branch of the Amer can government.

> There's no beauty in all the land That can with her face compare, Her lips are red, her eyes are bright, She takes Rocky Mountain Tos at night Ask your druggist.

> > Mr. Fairbanks' Birthday,

Washington, May 11.-Vice-President was their effect, that in three days I Charles W. Fairbanks is fifty-three tional facts equally odd and arrecon- reit like a new man, and today I am years old today. He celebrated his birthday anniversary here today in a quiet manner, receiving a few friends and reading telegrams and letters of Observation cafe cars new in service congratulation, Tonight Mrs. Fairbanks

> When e'er you feel impending III, And need a nugar little pill. No other one will full the bill Like DeWitt's thatle Enric Bluers. The Pamous Little Pills EARLY RISERS

en, but impart early rising energy, Good On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, for children or adults. Sold by C. R.

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